



One Flag

One Fleet

One Throne

The Union Jack

THE ONTARIO READERS

PRIMER

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PREFACE

THIS PRIMER is simply a reading book. Besides modern matter it contains lessons which have long been accepted as attractive to children.

Instruction in methodology is part of the professional training of every teacher in Ontario. Each teacher will, accordingly, adopt that method by which she feels she can do the most effective work.

Happy hearts
and happy faces.

Happy play
in grassy places—

That was how
in ancient ages,

Children grew
to kings and sages.

R. L. Stevenson



Run.

Run to me.

Run to me. Sam.

Run to me. Pat.

Run to me. Bob.



Bring

Bring me a pin.

Bring me a bag.

Bring me a can.

Bring me a bell.



This little pig went to market.
 This little pig stayed at home.
 This little pig had roast beef.
 This little pig had none.
 This little pig said, "Wee, wee."
 All the way home.



boy girl
 This little boy went to market.
 This little girl stayed at home.
 This little girl had roast beef.
 This little boy had none.

(The teacher recites the rhyme and the pupils repeat until it is memorized perfectly. It is then written on the blackboard as the pupils repeat it. Drill follows, and afterwards the pupils read, in the Primer, the rhyme and the exercises based thereon.)

Our little Bob went to market.
 Our little Nell stayed at home.
 Our little Pat had roast beef.
 Our little Ned had none.

Pat had a little pig.
 Nell had a little belt.
 Bob had a little bag.
 Sam had roast beef.




Little girl, bring me home.
 Little boy, run to me.
 Little Sam, run to market.
 Bring me to our little Nell.



Put the pin in the cap.
 Put the cap in the bag.
 Put the pen in the bag.
 Put the bag on the desk.
 Put the cap on the desk.
 Put the bat under the basket.
 Put the pen under the cap.

You may put the pen away
 You may put the cap away.

Where is my cap?
 My cap is in the basket.

Where is my bat? 
 My bat is on the desk.

(The teacher writes the sentences on the board, the pupils read silently and do the actions. By means of such words as *bring, find, take, walk, stand, sit, come, where is, here is*, etc., together with additional nouns, pronouns and prepositions, this type of lesson, as a blackboard exercise, may be extended indefinitely.)

(Transition from Script to Print.)

<i>Sam</i>	Sam	<i>run</i>	run
<i>Pet</i>	Pet	<i>pin</i>	pin
<i>Bob</i>	Bob	<i>cap</i>	cap
<i>You</i>	You	<i>bag</i>	bag
<i>My</i>	My	<i>bat</i>	bat
<i>on</i>	on	<i>desk</i>	desk
<i>in</i>	in	<i>bring</i>	bring
<i>under</i>	under	<i>basket</i>	basket

Run to me.

Run to me.

Put the bag on the desk.

Put the bag on the desk.

This little pig went to market.

This little pig went to market.

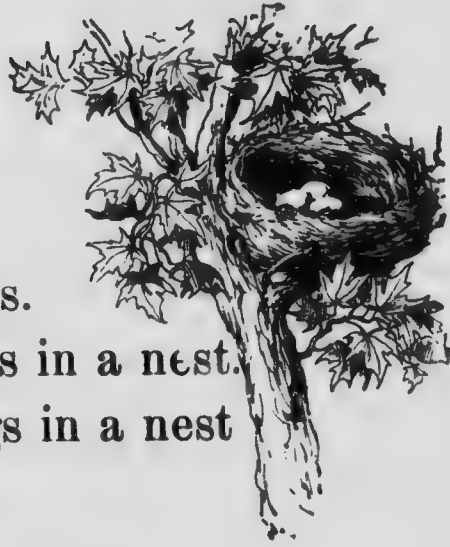
Rain, rain, go away.
Come again some other day,
Little Tommy wants to play
In the meadow on the hay.



Rain in the meadow !
Rain on the hay !
Oh, dear ! dear ! dear !
Rain, rain, rain !

Go away, rain.
Do go away, rain.
Come some other day.
Little Tommy wants to play.

I see a tree.
I see a nest
in a tree.



I see three eggs.
I see three eggs in a nest.
I see three eggs in a nest
in a tree.

Fly, little bird.
Fly, little bird, to the nest.
Fly, little bird, to the tree.
Fly, little bird, to the nest
in the tree.



Is the nest for me ?
O no, no, no.
Is the nest for a bird ?
O yes, yes, yes.



Ding dong bell !
The cat's in the well.
Who put her in ?
Long Tom Thin.
Who took her out ?
Short John Stout.

Where is the cat ?
The cat's in the well.
Who put the cat in the well ?
Long Tom Thin put her in.
Who took the cat out ?
John Stout took her out.

Jack and Jill
Went up the hill
To get a pail of water;
Jack fell down
And broke his crown
And Jill came tumbling after.



Jill went up the hill.
Jack went up for water.
Jack came tumbling down.
Jill came tumbling after.

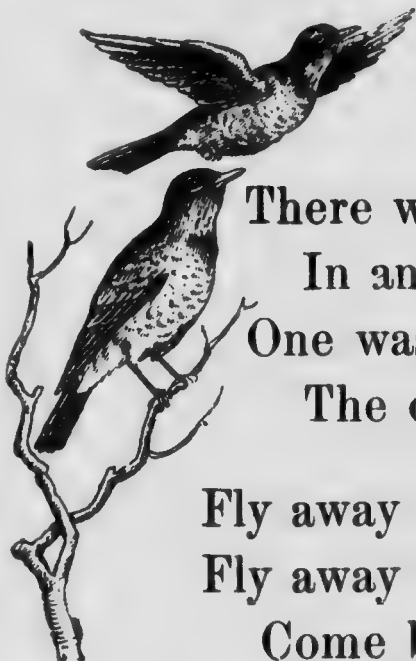
Who fell down?
Jill fell down.

Who broke his crown?
Jack broke his crown.



There were two black birds
Sitting on a hill,
The one was named Jack,
The other named Jill.

Fly away Jack,
Fly away Jill ;
Come back Jack,
Come back Jill.



There were two robins
In an old tree top,
One was called Pip,
The other called Pop.

Fly away Pip,
Fly away Pop ;
Come back Pip,
Come back Pop.

Pip and Pop were two robins.

They sat in a tree top.

Two black birds came to the tree.

One was called Jack.

The other was called Jill.

"We must fly away," said Pip.

"O do come back," said Jack.

"We will come again," said Pop.

Pip flew away to her nest.

Pop went flying after her.

"They will come again," said Jack.

"They will fly back," said Jill.

Jack flew to the hill.

He had a drink of water.

"Here come the robins," cried Jack.

"O do come back," said Jill.

"Come back," said Jack.

"Stand still," said Jill.

This is the house,
That Jack built.



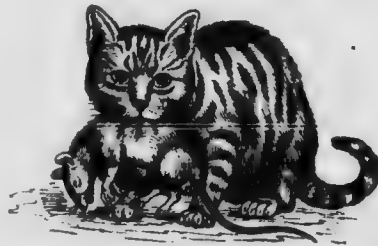
This is the malt,
That lay in the house,
That Jack built.



This is the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house,
That Jack built.



This is the cat,
That caught the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house,
That Jack built.



GAMES

(The teacher supplies coloured pieces of paper, etc., and uses pupils' names.)

Find the red paper, May.

Find the white paper, Ann.

Find the blue paper, Nora.

Find the black paper, John.

Find the green paper, Victor.

Find the yellow paper, Bruce.

(To be read silently and answered aloud.)

Who has on something red?

Who has on something white?

Who has on something blue?

Who has on something black?

Who has on something green?

Who has on something yellow?

Who can name a red flower?

Who can name a blue flower?

Who can name a yellow flower?

Who can name a green tree?



Hey! diddle, diddle,
The cat and the fiddle,
The cow jumped over the moon ;



The little dog laughed
To see such craft,
And the dish ran away
With the spoon.

Good night!
Sleep tight,
Wake up bright
In the morning light,
To do what's right
With all your might.

Who had the fiddle ?
The cat had the fiddle.

Who jumped over the moon ?
The cow jumped over the moon.

What did the little dog do ?
The little dog laughed.

What did the dish do ?
The dish ran away
with the spoon.

Little Jack Horner
Sat in a corner,
Eating Christmas pie ;
He put in his thumb,
And pulled out a plum,
And said : " What a good boy
am I ! "





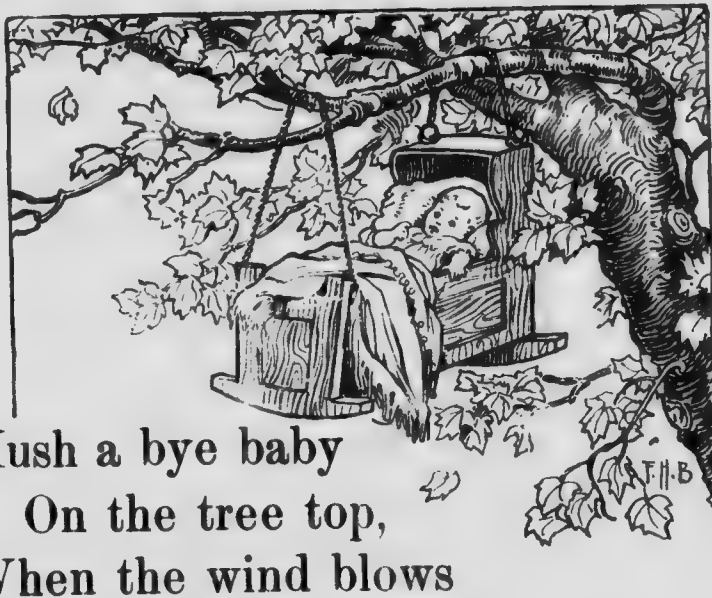
This way, that way,
Run, blind man ;
Here am I, there am I,
Catch me, if you can .

One here, two there,
Catch us if you can ;
The one that you can catch
Shall be the blind man.

I can run this way.
You can run that way.
Can you catch me ?
Did the blind man catch you ?

REVIEW

Little Jack Horner ran this way.
Can the blind man catch Jack ?
Catch little Nell, if you can.
Catch the bird, if you can.
No, no, fly away little bird.
The boy put in his thumb.
The girl pulled out a plum.
Jack took Bob to the meadow.
John Stout went up the hill.
Jack Horner broke his crown.
What a good girl is Jill !
Little boy, bring me Christmas pie.
I see eggs in a nest.
Yes, the nest is in the tree.
Here am I, in a corner.
The spoon jumped over the dish.
The dog laughed at the cow.
Long Tom Thin can catch me.



Hush a bye baby
On the tree top,
When the wind blows
The cradle will rock.

When the bough breaks
The cradle will fall,
Down tumbles baby,
Bough, cradle, and all.

The cradle is on the tree top.
The wind will rock the cradle.
The wind will break the bough.
Down tumbles baby and cradle.
Down tumbles bough and all.

QUESTIONS

(To be read silently, and answered aloud in sentences.)

Did you ever find a button ?

Did you ever find a pencil ?

Did you ever find a knife ?

Did you ever find a bird's nest ?

Did you ever see a deer ?



Did you ever see a camel ?

Did you ever see a wolf ?

Did you ever see a fox ?



Did you ever make a box ?

Did you ever make a cake ?

Did you ever make a doll ?

Did you ever make candy ?



Did you ever catch an owl ?

Did you ever catch a sheep ?

Did you ever catch a bunny ?

Did you ever catch a fish ?



I must feed my hens.

Tray, you may come with me.

Chick! Chick! Chick!

See them run.

Biddy, here is corn for you.

Tray, don't run at the hens.

They are afraid of you.

Stop that! Do you hear?

Stop it, you silly dog!

Run away to the shed.

Biddy, Tray will not hurt you.

He is not a cross dog.

He will not hurt your chicks.



Buy a broom !

Buy a broom !

Buy a large one for the lady,
Buy a small one for the baby,
Come buy ye, pretty lady,
Come buy ye a broom.

Buy a brush !

Buy a brush !

Buy a light one for the lady,
Buy a bright one for the baby,
Come buy ye, pretty lady,
Come buy ye a brush.



WHO'S WHO

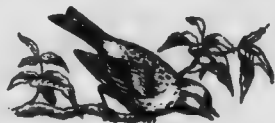
"Who's it? Who's it?"

The cry rang out;

A merry shout,

"Who's it? Who's it? Who's it?"

"Who's what? Who's what?"



Said Mrs. Bird,

"I never heard

Such talk as that. Who's what?"

"Who's who? Who's who?"

The old owl said

And shook his head.



"Who's who? Who's who?"

Who's who?"

GUESSES

I live in the woods.

I am not a bird.

I am not a flower.

I am not a tree.

I run up trees.

I eat nuts.

I have a bushy tail.

What is my name ?



I am yellow,

but I am not a bird.

I am round,

but I am not a ball.

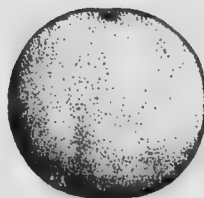
I taste sweet,

but I am not sugar.

I grew on a tree far away,

but I am not a nut.

What am I?



One, two, three, four little ducks,
and two little chickens.

One little chicken peeps :

“ How do you do ? ”



And one little duck quacks :

“ I'll chase you ! ”

Another little duck quacks :

“ Hear me talk ! ”

Another little duck quacks :

“ See me walk ! ”



Another little duck quacks :

“ Watch me swim ! ”



And one little chicken peeps :

“ Don't go in ! ”



London Bridge is broken down,
Broken down, broken down ;
London Bridge is broken down,
My fair lady.

Build it up with silver and gold,
Silver and gold, silver and gold ;
Build it up with silver and gold,
My fair lady.

Silver and gold will be stolen away,
Stolen away, stolen away ;
Silver and gold will be stolen away,
My fair lady.

Build it up with stone so strong,
Stone so strong, stone so strong ;
Stone will last for ages long,
My fair lady.

THE LITTLE RED HEN

The little red hen found a grain of
wheat.

“ Who will plant this grain ? ” said
the hen.

“ Not I,” said the goose.

“ Then, I will,” said the little hen,
and she planted the grain.

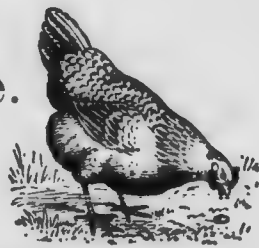
“ Who will water the grain ? ” said
the little red hen.

“ Not I,” said the goose.

“ Not I,” said the cat.

“ Not I,” said the dog.

“ I will, then,” said the little red



hen, and she watered it.

When the wheat was ripe, the little hen said: "Who will grind this wheat?"

"Not I," said the goose.

"Not I," said the cat.

"Not I," said the dog.



"Then, I will grind the wheat," said the hen, and she did it.

"Who will make this flour into cakes?" said the little red hen.

"Not I," said the goose.

"Not I," said the cat.

"Not I," said the dog.

"Then, I will," said the hen, and she baked the cakes.

"Now, who will eat these cakes?" said the hen.

"I will," said the goose.

"I will," said the cat.

"I will," said the dog.



"No, I will," said the little hen, and
she ate all the cakes.



This old man sells candy.
One day we took baby to him.
She gave him two cents.
He gave her some candy.
Next day we missed baby.
We found her on the street.
She had her doll with her.
"Baby! where are you going?" said I.

"To get candy," said the baby.

"Why do you take your doll?"

"Dolly wants candy, too."

"But you have no money."

"Yes! yes! see my big cent."

What do you think she had?

Why, a big button!

Wasn't she a funny baby?

THE SUN

High up in the sky
Shines the great sun,
Shines for the children,
Sees every one.

Shine, sun ; kind sun,
Give us light to-day.
Shine on the children,
Smile on the children,
While they work and play.



THE DUCKS AND THE FROGS

The ducks were out on the river diving for food. Some frogs saw them.

“What funny things ducks are!” said one frog. “Yes, they have only two legs,” said another frog.

“Good-day, Mrs. Duck,” said another. “Is your home in the water?”

“No, indeed,” said Mrs. Duck. “Our home is at the farm. We have a house there. Our Mistress made it for us.”

"Why did she make you a house?" said the frog. "She never made one for us."

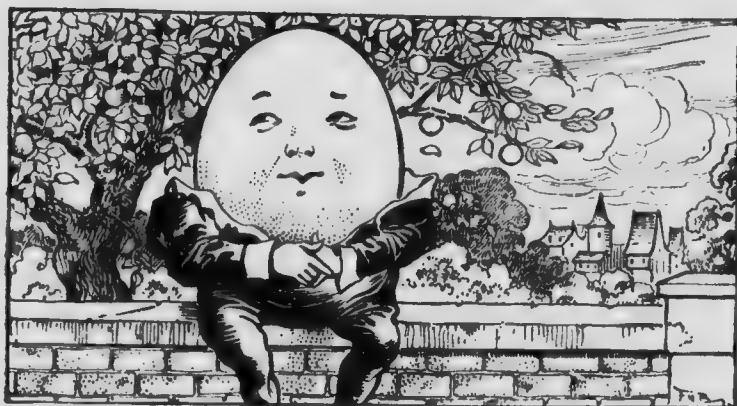
"Why, we lay eggs for her," said Mrs. Duck.

"Well, we lay eggs, too," said the frog.

"You lay your eggs in the water," said Mrs. Duck, "but we lay ours in our house. Men like to eat our eggs, but they do not care for yours."

"What funny things men are!" said the frog, as the duck swam away.

"How lucky for us that they are!" said another frog, as he dived from the bank.



HUMPTY DUMPTY

Mother, see that funny picture.
Please tell me the story.

“Humpty Dumpty sat on the wall,
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall.
All the King’s horses,
And all the King’s men,
Couldn’t pick Humpty Dumpty
up again.”

Please tell me the story again.
Now I can say it. Yes, I can say
it all.

“Humpty Dumpty sat on the wall,
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall—”

Mother, who was Humpty Dumpty?
Bob says he was an egg.
Was he, Mother?

THE UMBRELLA

The rain is raining all around,
It falls on field and tree,
It rains on the umbrellas here,
And on the ships at sea.

It is raining all around,
Who has an umbrella?

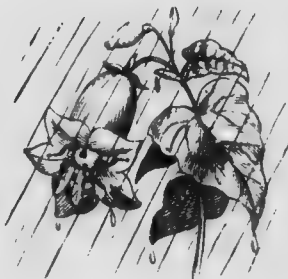


“I have,” said the lark;
And he flew under a leaf.

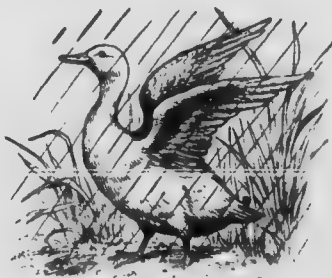
“ I have,” said the spider ;
And he crept under a stone.

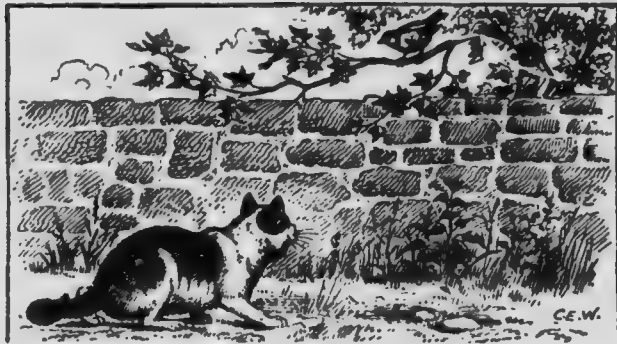


“ I have,” said the bee ;
And he went into a flower bell.



“ I don't want one,” said the goose ;
And she ran out into the rain.





THE CAT AND THE BIRD

“ Good morning, little Bird,” said Pussy.

“ Good morning, Pussy,” said the little Bird.

“ Will you fly down to me, little Bird ?” said Pussy.

“ Why should I fly down to you ?” said the little Bird.

“ I like a little Bird for my breakfast,” said Pussy.

“ A little Bird does not like to be a breakfast for a Pussy,” said the Bird, and away he flew.



MERRY-GO-ROUND

Join our hands and round we go,
Round we go,
Round we go,
Dance and sing and back we go,
Back we go,
Merry-go-round.

With blossoms fair in our flowing
hair,
Round we go,
Round we go,

In our flowing hair wild blossoms
fair,

Back we go,
Merry-go-round.

So join our hands and dance and
sing,

As round we go,
As round we go,
Happy we as Queen or King,
As round we go,
Merry-go-round.

One a penny, two a penny,
Hot cross buns !
Hot cross buns !
Hot cross buns !
If you have no daughters,
Give them to your sons.



THE DOG IN THE MANGER

One hot day in summer a big dog went into a stable.

He saw a manger full of soft hay. He crept into it, and fell asleep.

An ox who had been working hard came into the stable. He was tired and hungry. He went to the manger to eat, but the dog growled at him.

“Do you want to eat the hay?” asked the ox.

"No," growled the dog, "I can't eat hay."

"Then let me eat it," said the ox.

"I will not," said the dog.

"What a mean dog you are!" said the ox. "You can't eat it, and yet you will let no one else have it."

NONSENSE VERSE

Poor old Robinson Crusoe!

Poor old Robinson Crusoe!

He made him a coat,

Of an old nanny goat,

I wonder how he could do so!

With a ring a ting tang,

And a ring a ting tang,

Poor old Robinson Crusoe!





THE REINDEER.

Bob and Bess are at the Zoo.

“Look at the horns of that animal,” said Bess.

“I never saw that animal before,” said Bob.

“I wonder what it is,” said Bess.

“Let us ask her,” said Bob; and they did.

“I am a Reindeer,” she said.

“Where did you come from?” asked Bess.

"I was born in a cold country where there is much snow. You may have heard of Lapland."

"What use are you?" asked Bob.

"In my land I draw my master's sled."

"She is a kind of horse," whispered Bess.

"I give rich milk for the children."

"She is a kind of cow," whispered Bob.

"It is from me that my master gets his clothing."

"Why, she must be a kind of sheep," whispered Bess.

"I must go now into the shade of the trees. Your land is too warm for me!" said the Reindeer.

THE CROW AND THE PITCHER

Once a crow was very thirsty. He found a pitcher with some water in it.

The water was so low he could not reach it with his bill. Then at last he thought of a way.

He dropped a small stone into the pitcher. Then he dropped in another stone. He saw the water rising.



He went on dropping stones into the pitcher for some time.

At last the water rose near to the top. Then the crow drank all he wanted. He was a wise old crow.



THE HOUSE

There once was a mouse
Who lived in a shoe,
And a snug little house
He made of it, too ;

He had a front door
To take in the cheese,
And a hole in the toe
To slip out, if you please.

There are roses
that grow on a vine,
There are roses
that grow on a tree,

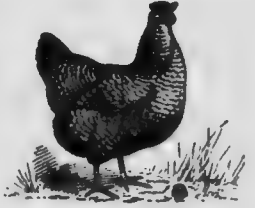


But my little Rose
grows on ten little toes,
And she is the rose for me.

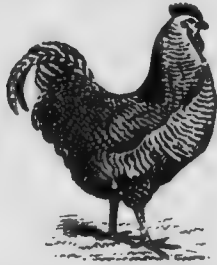
THE STORY OF HENNY PENNY

Henny Penny was walking in a garden. A cherry fell on her head, with a thud.

“The sky is falling,” said Henny Penny, “I must run and tell the King.”



As she ran, she met a Rooster, who said: “Where are you going, Henny Penny?”



And she cried: “Oh, Rooster Pooster! the sky is falling, and I am going to tell the King.”

“I will go, too,” said Rooster Pooster.

So they ran and ran till they met a Turkey. “Oh, Turkey Lurkey!”



said they, "the sky is falling, and we are going to tell the King."

"I will go with you," said Turkey Lurkey.

So they ran and ran, till they met a Fox.

"Oh, Fox Lox!"



said they, "the sky is falling, and we are going to tell the King."

And the Fox said: "Come with me Henny Penny, Rooster Pooster, and Turkey Lurkey. I will show you the way to the King's house."

But they said: "Oh, no; Fox Lox, we know you. We will not go with you."

So they ran and ran, but they never found the King's house.

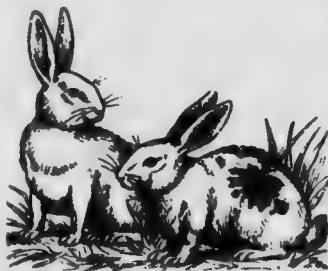
And the King never knew the sky was falling.

A LITTLE ELF

A little elf
Sat on a tree;
He painted leaves
To throw at me.



Leaves of yellow
And leaves of red
Came falling down upon my head.



Now Bunny White
And Bunny Brown
Walked out to see
The leaves fall down.

But Mr. Red Fox, keen and sly,
Saw these two Bunnies
passing by;
He chased them home.



How they did run!
The little elf laughed
To see the fun.



AS I WAS GOING TO ST. IVES

As I was going to St. Ives,
I met a man with seven wives ;
Every wife had seven sacks,
Every sack had seven cats,
Every cat had seven kits ;
Kits, cats, sacks, and wives,
How many were going to St. Ives ?

Be pure, be true.

Better late than never.

WISHES

Said the first little chicken,
With a sad little sigh,
“I wish I could find
A little fat fly.”



Said the next little chicken,
With an odd little shrug,
“I wish I could find
A fat little bug.”



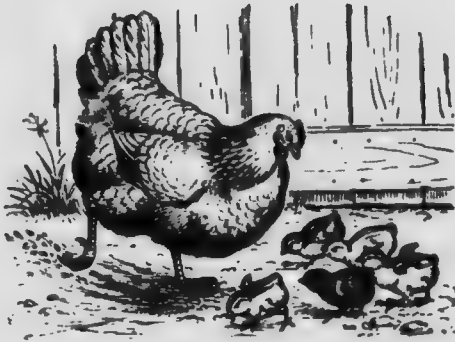
Said the third little chicken,
With a sharp little squeak,
“I wish I could feel
Some corn in my beak.”



Said the fourth little chicken,
With a small sigh of grief,
“I wish I could find
A fat worm on a leaf.”



“ See here,” said the mother,
From the green garden-patch,
“ If you want things to eat,
Just come here and scratch.”



GUESS

I have a little sister,
They call her Peep-Peep.
She wades in the water,
Deep, deep, deep.
She climbs up the mountain,
High, high, high.
My poor little sister
Has but one eye.



LITTLE BO-PEEP

Bo-Peep was sent
to mind the sheep.

It was hot out
there in the sun.

She sat down under
a tree. Her head
began to nod, and
nod, and nod. She fell asleep.



The sheep fled up the field, over
the hill, and out of sight.

When Bo-Peep awoke she could
not see the sheep. She could not
hear them. She ran across the
field, but could not find them.

Then some one began to sing:
“ Little Bo-Peep has lost her sheep,
And can't tell where to find them;
Leave them alone and they'll come
home,

And bring their tails behind them."

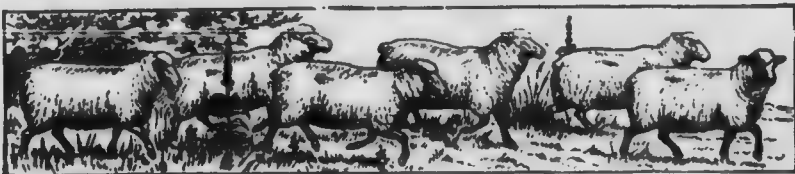
Bo-Peep was glad to hear this.
She was so tired that she sat down
to rest, and :

"Little Bo-Peep fell fast asleep,
And dreamed she heard them
bleating ;

But when she awoke she found it a
joke,

For still they all were fleeting.

Then up she took her little crook,
And away she went to find them ;
She found them, indeed, but it
made her heart bleed,
For they'd left their tails behind
them."





OLD MOTHER HUBBARD

Old Mother Hubbard
Went to the cupboard
To get her poor dog a bone ;
But when she came there,
The cupboard was bare,
And so the poor dog had none.

She went to the hatter's
To buy him a hat ;
But when she came back,
He was feeding the cat.





She went to the tailor's
To buy him a coat ;
But when she came back,
He was riding a goat.

The dame made a curtsy,
The dog made a bow ;
The dame said : " Your servant,"
The dog said : " Bow-wow."



A SECRET

We have a secret, just we three,
The robin, and I, and the sweet
 cherry tree ;
The bird told the tree, and the tree
 told me,
And nobody knows it but just we
 three.
But of course the robin knows it
 best,
Because she built the—I shan't tell
 the rest ;
And laid the four little—somethings
 in it—
I am afraid I shall tell it every
 minute.



There was once a man who had a goose. She laid an egg every day. One day she laid a golden egg.



The man went to town and sold the egg. Next day the goose laid another golden egg.

“Wife,” said the man, “we shall not be poor any more.”

Every day he found a golden egg and sold it. Soon he was not content with this.

“Wife,” said he, “I shall kill this goose and get all the eggs at once.”

So he killed her, but he found no golden eggs. The greedy man would not let well enough alone.



ROBIN REDBREAST

It was early in the morning and Robin sat on the tree top.

“Cheer-up, cheer-up! cheer-up, cheer-up!” he sang.

The old cat heard him and crept under the tree. She called softly :

“Robin, Robin Redbreast,
Singing on the bough,
Come and get your breakfast
I will feed you now.”

“Tut tut! Tut tut!” said Robin

"No, no, M's. Puss. I saw you catch a mouse yesterday, but you shall not catch me."

Then the cat ran away to the barn to look for another breakfast.

Just then a little girl came out to hear Robin singing his song. She threw bread crumbs under the tree and said :

Robin, Robin, old breast,
Singing on the bough,
Come and get your breakfast,
I will feed you now."

Cheer-up! cheer-up! cheer-up.
cheer-up! singing Robin. This was his voice saying: "Thank you! Thank you!"

He flew down and had all the breakfast he could eat.

THE GINGERBREAD BOY

Once there was a little old man, and a little old woman. They lived in a little old house.

The old woman made gingerbread cakes.

One day she made a cake in the shape of a boy. She put it into the oven to bake.



When she opened the oven door, out jumped the Gingerbread Boy and away he ran.

The little old man ran after him, but he could not catch him.

The Gingerbread Boy met a big man on the road. He said: "I

have run away from the little old woman. I can run away from you, too, so I can."

The big man ran after him, but he could not catch him.

The Gingerbread Boy met a cow. He said: "I have run away from a little old woman and a big man. I can run away from you, too. Yes, I can."

The cow ran after him, but she could not catch him.

Soon the Gingerbread Boy met a dog. He said: "I have run away from a little old woman, a big man, and a cow. I can run away from you, too. Yes, I can."

Then the dog ran after him. The dog ran very fast and caught



the Gingerbread Boy. He began to eat him.

The Gingerbread Boy said :

“ Oh, dear ! my legs are gone !

Oh, dear ! my arms are gone !

Oh, dear ! my body is gone !

Oh, dear ! I am all gone ! ”

And he never spoke again.

Forget and forgive.

East, west, home is best.

THE BEE

Buzz! Buzz! This is the song of
the bee,
His legs are of yellow, a jolly good
fellow,
And yet a great worker is he.



In days that are sunny
He's making his honey,
In days that are cloudy
He's making his wax.

Bees don't care
about the snow;
I can tell you why
that's so;
Once I caught
a little bee
Who was much too warm
for me.





You may hear me call,
but no one has ever seen me.
I fly kites for boys.
I play with the leaves.
I scatter the seeds of plants.
I rock the bird in her nest.
I move clouds across the sky.
I toss ships on the sea.

Who am I ?

Little wind blow on the hill top ;
Little wind blow down the plain.
Little wind blow up the sunshine ;
Little wind blow off the rain.

THE NORTH WIND DOTH BLOW

The north wind doth blow,
And we shall have snow,
And what will the robin do then ?

Poor thing !

He will sit in the barn,
And keep himself warm,
And hide his head under his wing,

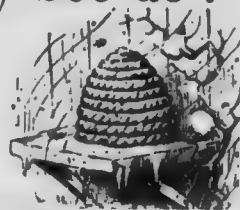
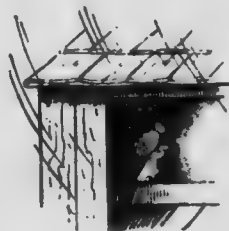
Poor thing !

The north wind doth blow,
And we shall have snow,
And what will the honey-bee do ?

Poor thing !

In his hive he will stay
Till the snow's gone away,
And then he'll come out in the
spring,

Poor thing !





LITTLE BOY BLUE

“Good morning, sir. Do you want a boy?”

“Indeed I do,” said the farmer. “I want a boy to watch my cows and sheep.”

“Oh, I can do that,” said the boy.

“Are you sure you can?”

“Yes, sir, if you tell me just what I am to do.”

“Do not let the sheep go into the meadow, and do not let the cows

go into the corn," said the farmer.

"I will watch them, sir."

"Now I have to go to town," said the farmer. "If any of them try to go away, just blow this horn, and they will come back."

"I will, sir," said the boy.

The farmer went to town, and the boy watched the cows and sheep. None tried to go away.

It was a warm day. The little boy sat down by a haystack. His eyes would not stay open, and he soon fell asleep.

The farmer came back at noon. The cows were in the corn, and the sheep in the meadow. But where was the boy?

Then the farmer called :

“ Little Boy Blue,
Come blow your horn,
The sheep are in the meadow,
The cows are in the corn.”

But the boy slept on.

“ Wife ! ” called the farmer,
“ where is Little Boy Blue ? ”

She said : “ He is under the
haystack, fast asleep.”

Then the farmer went to the
haystack and called :

“ Little Boy Blue,
Come blow your horn.”



The boy leaped up. He blew a
blast on his horn, and the sheep and
cows all ran back to him.

He was very sorry for his fault.

TEASING

(A Dialogue)

Give me my apple.

Say "Please."

I won't say "Please."

Say "Please."

It is my apple. I want it.

Say "Please."

Don't tease. Give me my apple.

Say "Please," and be polite.

I don't want to be polite.

Say "Please" to please me.

But you are not pleasing me.

Then say "Please" because
it's right to say "Please."

Please give me my apple.

Right! Here it is.

Better live well than long.





THE RATS AND THE EGG

One day two rats were eating an egg in a field. They saw a fox coming towards them.

"The fox will eat our egg," said one rat.

"The fox will eat us, too, if we stay here," said the other rat.

"Now, what shall we do?" said both rats.

One rat lay down on his back, and the other rat placed the egg

between his feet. Then he took hold of his friend's tail and drew him to the barn as fast as he could.

The fox was afraid to come to the barn, and the rats had a good story to tell to their friends.

NONSENSE VERSES

Hickory, dickory, dock,
The mouse ran up the clock ;
The clock struck one,
The mouse ran down ;
Hickory, dickory, dock.

If all the world were apple pie,
And all the sea were ink,
And all the trees were bread and
cheese,
What should we have for drink ?



THE COW

Mistress Cow stands at the gate—
Every evening she will wait—
Calling slow, calling low,
“ M - m - m.”

Now the boy calls : “ So, boss, so !
Did you think I would not come ? ”
And she answers : “ M - m - m,”
As he leads her off toward home.

There he milks the good old cow,
And she fills the foaming pail—
Milk for butter, cheese, and cream,
She will give and never fail.

THE LITTLE BOY'S DREAM

A little boy was dreaming
Upon his nurse's lap,
'That the pins fell out
of all the stars,
And the stars fell
into his cap.



So when his dream was over,
What did that little boy do ?
He went and looked inside his cap,
And found it was not true.

Little Miss Muffet
She sat on a tuffet,
Eating of curds and whey ;
There came a black spider,
And sat down beside her,
And frightened Miss Muffet away.



THE LION AND THE MOUSE

One day a lion lay asleep in the woods. A mouse, by chance, ran over his nose.

The lion was about to eat him, but the mouse begged hard for his life.

"If you will let me go," he said, "I shall never forget you. Some day I may be able to help you."

The lion smiled. "Run away, little mouse," said he, "I shall not hurt you."

Some days later hunters put a net in the lion's path. He fell into the net and could not free himself.

The mouse heard him roar, and ran to him. "I will help you," said the mouse, and he began to gnaw the ropes.

It was hard work and slow, but at last the ropes fell apart and the lion was free.

"How can I repay you for what you have done?" said the lion.

"You spared my life one day," said the mouse. "I am glad that I have been able to save yours."

Star light, star bright,
First star I've seen to-night;
Wish I may, wish I might
Have the wish I wish to-night.

THE TOWN MUSICIANS

The donkey was old, and his master was about to sell him.

"I shall not be sold," said the donkey. "I w'll run away to town and join the band."

He met a dog upon the road. "Come with me to town and join the band," said he. "You can beat the drum."

"All right," said the dog.

They met an old cat by the way. "Come with us and help to make music," said they. "We have heard you sing."

"All right," said the cat.

Farther on, they met a rooster. "Come along and join our band," said they.

"All right," said the rooster.

At night they came to a large house in the woods. The donkey looked in through the high window. He saw robbers eating supper.

"I am so hungry," said the cat.

"Let us drive the robbers away," said the rooster.

"How shall we do it?" said the donkey.

"Let us frighten them," said the dog.

The donkey put his feet upon the sill of the window. The dog climbed upon his back. The cat climbed upon the dog's back. The rooster flew up and stood upon the cat's head. All looked in through the window.

Then they sang together with all their might. The donkey brayed, the dog barked, the cat mewed, and the rooster crowed. It was a dreadful noise.

It scared the robbers, who ran away as fast as they could.

The four friends sat down to supper and eat what the robbers had left. Then they put out the lights and waited.

An hour later one robber came back. He tried to light a candle at the coals in the fireplace. The coals were the cat's eyes. She



scratched him, the dog bit him, the donkey kicked him, and the rooster crowed at him.

He ran away at the top of his speed. He told the robbers that he was never so scared in his life. This made them all afraid, and they never came back.

So the four friends made a home for themselves in that house, and never went to town.

THE DANDELION

"O dandelion, yellow as gold,
What do you do all day?"

"I just wait here in the long green
grass
Till the children come to play."



“O dandelion, yellow as gold,
What do you do all night?”

“I wait and wait till the cool dew
falls
And my hair is long and white.”

“What do you do when your hair
grows white
And the children come to play?”

“They take me up in their dimpled
hands
And blow my hair away.”

A DIALOGUE

Guess what is in my pocket.

Tell me, won't you?

No, you must guess.

Who gave it to you?

No one gave it to me.

Where did you buy it?

I didn't buy it.

What colour is it?

It has no colour.

Is it hard or soft?

It is neither hard nor soft.

Is it light or heavy?

It is neither light nor heavy.

Well, what is it good for?

It is good for nothing.

I can't guess it.

Do you give it up?

Yes, what is it?

It's a hole.

MOSAM, THE AFRICAN BABY

Here is a little black baby. His home is in a hot land called Africa.

He has bright black eyes and woolly hair. His mother cuts off most of his hair, but some is left on the top of his head.

His cradle is a strange one.

It is a strip of cloth over his mother's shoulder and under her arm. He sits in

this strip while she is at work.

Sometimes she puts him in the basket on her back. Then you can just see the top of his woolly head above the basket.





He does not wear such clothes as you do. He wears only a band of cloth about his waist.

His home is a hut made of bark and grass. It has no windows. There are two doors—one at the front, the other at the back of the hut.

He has no books, and will not go to school when he is as old as you. He will learn to hunt and fish with his father.



HANS

Have you ever seen a bird like this? It is a stork. There are many of them in Holland where little Hans lives.

One built its nest on the roof of Hans' home. It was a great pet, and he fed it every day.

When cold weather comes, birds fly away to where it is warm in winter. Hans knew his pet would make its winter home in the warm south. He hoped some boy there would be kind to it.

So he wrote a note, and tied it to the bird's neck. The note said: "Please take care of my stork. Send it back to me next spring."

Winter came, and the stork flew south. When the warm days came again Hans watched for his bird friend. At last he saw it coming, and it had a letter on its neck.

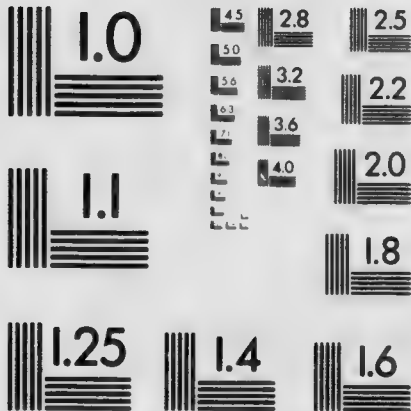
Hans fed his pet, and then read the letter. It said: "We cared for your stork, and now we send it back. The little children in our school want books. Can you help them?"

Hans and his father made up a box of books and sent them to the little people in the winter home of the stork.



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A GIANT

Tom sat before the grate, reading. "I wish I could see a giant like those in this book," said he.

"I am one," said a voice in the grate. "Sometimes I am no bigger than the head of a match. Sometimes I am so big that it takes many men to fight me.

When men control me, I help them. I can roast beef, boil eggs, and bake bread. With my help, men can make bricks and glass and knives.

When men let me go free, I often destroy houses and barns and crops, and even big forests.

Water is the only thing I am afraid of. Now, who am I?"

THE LARK'S YOUNG ONES

A lark made her nest in a wheat field. Before the young ones were able to fly they heard the farmer say: "This wheat is ripe, I will get my friends to help me cut it."

The little birds told their mother all they had heard. "Do not worry," said she, "we need not move yet."

Some days after, the farmer came again. He said: "I will not wait longer for my friends. I will cut this wheat to-morrow."



Then the lark said:

"My dears, we must move now. This man is going to depend upon himself."

LOVE-APPLES

“Have a tomato, Mary?” asked Grandma. “I think you like them.”

“I do,” said Mary. “I like them raw. I like them baked. I like them stewed. I like them every way. Did you like them, Grandma, when you were little?” asked Mary.

“No, I was ten years old before I ever saw a tomato,” said Grandma. “My aunt sent mother some love-apple seeds from the south. Mother planted them in a sunny spot. In the fall the little apples had turned from green to red.

I wanted to taste the apples, but mother would not let me. She said they might make me ill. I said the

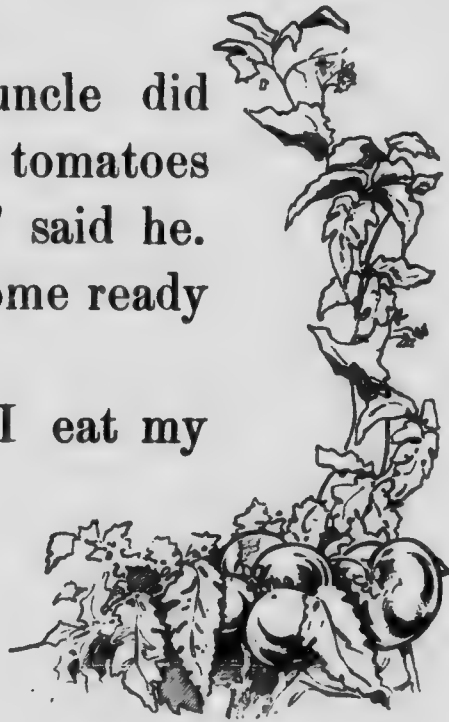
birds eat them and were not ill.

Just then my uncle came to visit us. When he saw these apples he said: 'Why, sister, what fine tomato vines you have! Where did you get them?'

'Sister Nora sent me the seed,' said mother. 'We are afraid to eat the apples.'

Then my uncle did laugh. 'Why, tomatoes are very good,' said he. 'Let me get some ready for supper.'

That night I eat my first tomato."





This little Indian boy lived in a wigwam with his grandmother, Nokomis. Have you ever seen a wigwam? Let me tell you where this wigwam was.

By the shining Big-Sea-Water,
Stood the wigwam of Nokomis.
Dark behind it rose the forest,
Bright before it beat the water,
Beat the clear and sunny water,
Beat the shining Big-Sea-Water.

Old Nokomis made him a little cradle. In it she put a bed of moss and rushes. When he cried, she used to say: "Hush! the bear will get thee!"

The boy learned the names of the birds. He learned how they built their nests in summer. He found where they hid themselves in winter. He learned how to talk with them. He called them his chickens.

He learned—

Where the squirrels hid their acorns,
How the reindeer ran so swiftly,
Why the rabbit was so timid.

He talked with them and called them his brothers. He learned their names and all their secrets.

When he grew older he was given a bow and arrows. He went into the woods but he did not shoot the birds, his chickens. He did not shoot the squirrels or the rabbits, his brothers.

He hid in the bushes till the red deer came. Then he shot an arrow and the deer fell dead. He carried it home to his grandmother. She made a feast, and everybody came and praised the boy.

Humpty, Dumpty, dickery dan,
Sing hey, sing ho !

for the gingerbread man !
With his smile so sweet,
and his form so neat,
And his gingerbread shoes
on his gingerbread feet.

EVENING HYMN

Now the day is over,
Night is drawing nigh,
Shadows of the evening
Steal across the sky.

Now the darkness gathers,
Stars begin to peep ;
Birds, and beasts, and flowers
Soon will be asleep.

Through the lonely darkness,
May the angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my head.

When the morn awakens,
Then may I arise,
Pure, and fresh, and sinless,
In God's holy eyes.

A a

B b

C c

D d

E e

F f

G g

H h

I i

J j

K k

L l

M m

N n

O o

P p

Q q

R r

S s

T t

U u

V v

W w

X x

Y y

Z z

Aa Nn

Bb Oo

Cc Pp

Dd Qq

Ee Rr

Ff Ss

Gg Tt

Hh Uu

Ii Vv

Jj Ww

Kk Xx

Ll Yy

Mm Zz

